

L.W. HOLLING



American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

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American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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COVER

- *"Peoples Who Came to America,"
by Lucille Holling 1
- *Cover Puzzle 27

FRIENDS WHO HAVE MADE AMERICA

- *History Makers in the Wild 3
- *My Uncle Sam (song) 7
- *White House Adventure 10
- *Friends Who Made America Famous 16

STORIES AND HISTORIES

- JRCers Busy Here and There 8
- In the Caribbean Sun—Puerto Rico 14
- Keep Your Country in Mind 19
- *The Story of Glass 20
- Miss Clara Barton in Chicago, Illinois 22
- *The Red, White, and Blue Shoes 23

BACK COVER

About Mount Vernon

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▲ Pocket Books and Pocketbooks

When Wellwood Elementary School in Pikesville, Maryland, announced that Junior Red Cross would like some comic books and pocket books for servicemen, the response was immediate. But guess what the teacher-sponsor found in her mailbox next day . . . two lovely pocketbooks, one fancy and beaded, the other with a drawstring! Things just have to be spelled out in full, and the Wellwood JRCers will be asking for pocket *novels* next time!

▲ Your Tin of Milk

Forty thousand Algerian refugee children in Tunisia and Morocco are now receiving four tins of milk a month. And one of those four tins is yours.

Tunisia and Morocco are a long way off, of course, and you can't hand your tin of milk to a refugee child personally. But you *personally* made it possible for the child to have that tin of milk when you contributed to Junior Red Cross. Part of your contribution went into the American Red Cross Children's Fund. The

Children's Fund paid \$20,000 to give 200,000 tins of milk to the Algerian refugee children over a six-month period.

There is more to this story. The milk sent in the name of American boys and girls is part of a worldwide effort. Altogether, Red Cross societies around the world are sending 960,000 tins of milk to the Algerian refugee children—enough to give each one of the 40,000 children four tins of milk a month for 6 months.

▲ Cooperation in Action

At the U.S. Naval Station in Argentina, Newfoundland, twenty-five students of the Arthur Bristol School became the first in that area to receive American Red Cross first aid certificates. The course was organized by the Red Cross field director and taught by a volunteer instructor. The students took the course entirely on their own time. The well-earned certificates were awarded by the station's commanding officer at a meeting of the Argentina parent-teacher organization.

Maurice Flagg, Editor



Squirrel

History Makers in the Wild

By Will Barker

Illustrated by Bob Hines

Did you know that wild creatures had a lot to do with making America? One of our favorite writers tells how . . .

Amazing numbers of animals, birds, and insects are associated with American history. Such differing species as the beaver, the grasshopper, and the gull helped or hindered the first white explorers and settlers in the Far West. Others that helped create our history have been the cotton boll weevil, the raccoon, and the American bison—better known to most of us as the buffalo.

One of the first animals in the New World to be mentioned in a book was a tiny, furred creature that a king wanted as a pet. In Captain John Smith's *History of Virginia*, published in 1624, is an account of an animal known to some early Americans as *Assapanick*. Here is a part of what Smith wrote:

"A small beaste they haue, they call Assapanick, but we call them flying squirrels, be-

cause spreading their legs and so stretching the largenesse of their skins that they haue bin seene to fly 30 to 40 yards."

Captain Smith was writing about the Eastern flying squirrel. Of course, this squirrel does not actually fly, but glides from a spot high on one tree to a lower spot on another tree.

Smith's description made King James I of England want one of these big-eyed, long-whiskered animals as a pet. A member of the Virginia Company Council, for which the Captain worked, wrote to the secretary of the King, mentioning James's desire for a flying squirrel. Here is a part of this letter:

"Talking with the King by chance I told him of the Virginia squirrls which they say will fly . . . and hee presently and very earnestly asked me if none of them was provided for him and whether your Lordship had none for him, saying that hee was sure you would



Raccoon

gett him one of them. I would not have troubled you with this but that you know so well how hee is affected to these toys. . . .”

History does not say whether the King ever got his flying squirrel. But history does tell us that Powhatan, father of Pocahontas, gave John Smith a coat of raccoon skins. The Captain probably wore it in the winter of 1607.

Raccoon skins furnished the material for warm caps worn by the frontiersmen of Colonial America. Probably the best-known person to wear such a cap was Daniel Boone of Kentucky.

Perhaps a unique use for raccoon skins was

found in a mountain region of Tennessee. Here, in 1788, the people organized the “State of Franklin.” The salaries of the public officials were paid in animal skins. The rate of payment was:

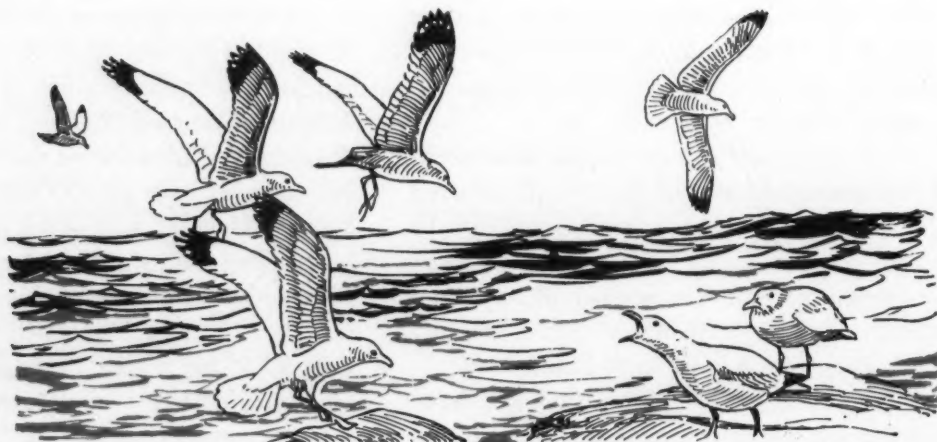
... secretary to his excellency, the
governor, . . . 500 raccoon
... clerk of the house of
commons, . . . 200 raccoon
... member of the assembly,

Per diem (a day) . . . 3 raccoon

In 1848 two different kinds of wild creatures made history for the Mormon Colony in Utah. The colony was less than a year old, and was eagerly awaiting its first harvest. The crops had done so well that the colonists expected to have plenty of food.

Shortly before it was time to start harvesting, the sun was almost hidden. It was as if a sudden eclipse had taken place. But the darkening was caused by swarming grasshoppers. The insects dropped down out of the sky. They settled on the crops. They began to feed as if they had never eaten before.

The colonists knew that if the grasshoppers continued to feed, it meant possible starvation. Just as they decided that there would be no harvest, the colonists heard a great crying. The racket from the sky came from hungry gulls. The birds dropped down out of the sky and settled on the grasshopper-laden grain. They ate all the insects and saved the



Gull

crops. The colonists were so grateful that they erected a monument to the gulls in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Another insect story has a much less happy ending. Seventeen years after the gulls saved the Mormon harvest, grasshoppers almost "defeated" a general of the United States Army.

In 1865 during a hot, dry summer, Gen. Alfred Sully and his troops were in the vicinity of Sioux City, Iowa, on their way to Indian Territory. Swarms of grasshoppers were passing through the area. The insects caused so much trouble that the General wrote as follows to the St. Paul Press:

"The only thing spoken of about here is the grasshoppers. They are awful; they have actually eaten holes in my wagon covers and the 'paulins that cover my stores. A soldier on his way here lay down to sleep in the middle of the day on the prairie. The troops had been marching all night. His comrades noticed him covered with grasshoppers, and woke him. His throat and wrists were bleeding from the bites of these insects. This is no fiction."

Once in a while, trouble caused by insects is for the good. This was so in one area plagued by the boll weevil, usually considered one of our worst pests. Each year it damages so much cotton and cottonseed that the loss amounts to 203 million dollars. But in spite of sharing in this loss, the people of Coffee County, Alabama, erected a monument to the

boll weevil. The monument is a fountain in the town of Enterprise. On the fountain is this inscription:

In profound appreciation
Of the Boll Weevil
And what it has done
As the herald of prosperity
This monument was erected
By the citizens of

Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama.

Once the only crop grown in Coffee County was cotton. But in 1915 and again in 1916, the boll weevil ruined the cotton crop. The people living in the county decided to try to outwit the boll weevil. They did not plant



Beaver

cotton in 1917. They planted corn, hay, and potatoes. Sugar cane was put in, too, and a number of hogs was raised. The growing of new crops and the raising of hogs changed the fortunes of the former cotton-growers. But the agricultural adventure more profitable than all the others was peanuts—also known as goobers in many parts of the South. Reports have it that the peanut crop in 1918 brought in five million dollars. Probably no one would have planted these other life-saving crops if the boll weevil had not ruined the cotton. And that is why the boll weevil has a memorial.

Another American wild creature played a part in history because an Englishman wore a certain type of hat. In 1779, Beau Brummel

Boll Weevil





Buffalo

a London dandy, wore an unusual high hat. It was satin-smooth and made of beaver.

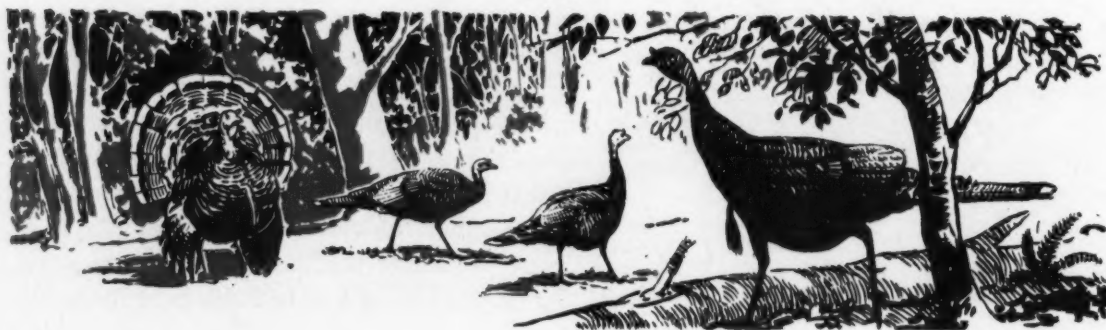
Beau Brummel's tall beaver hat became the fashion. Every well-dressed man in Europe, and later in eastern America, wanted a similar hat. Most of the beavers had been trapped in Europe, so European hatters turned to America for their supplies of beaver skins. The prices were so great that the pelts were often called "Black Gold." The name was used in the Far West by such trappers and mountain men as Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and John Colter.

Virginia-born John Colter was more than a trapper. He was a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition—sent out by President Jefferson to explore the Pacific Northwest. In addition to acting as steersman for one of the great boats, Colter was often the official hunter for the expedition. The meat of deer, elk, and buffalo contributed to the welfare of the expedition by keeping the men in good health.

Deer and elk are still numerous in the West. But the buffalo is gone from the Great Plains country over which it used to roam and where it provided food, clothing, and shelter for the Indians. To subdue some Plains Indians, the buffaloes were deliberately killed in large-scale slaughter. Today, the few remaining buffaloes are in small herds in state parks or on federal lands like the National Bison Range in Montana.

Two American birds—the turkey and the bald eagle—have become national symbols. The turkey is the symbol for Thanksgiving. This is as it should be. In the wild turkey, the early colonists had a source of food. And this was the bird served at the first Thanksgiving. The bald eagle adorns the Great Seal of the United States. This beautiful proud bird gives us an image of ourselves as people—strong and free. The eagle thus reminds us constantly of how important nature's creatures have been in the building of our nation. ♦

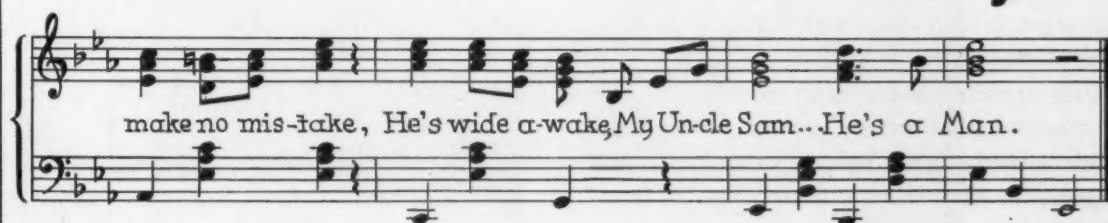
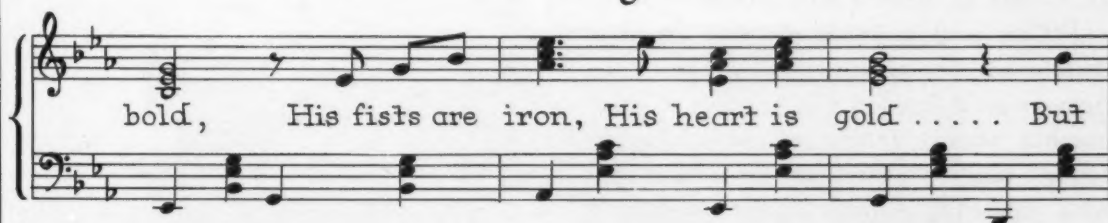
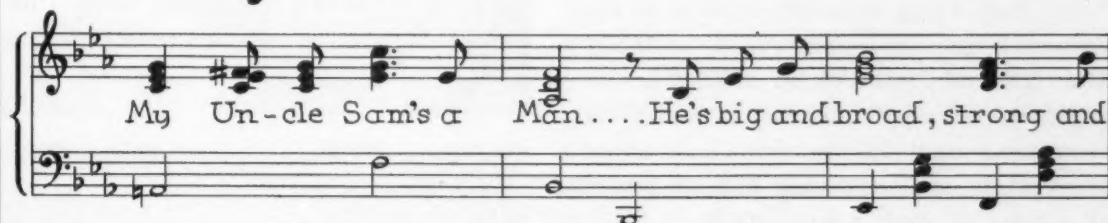
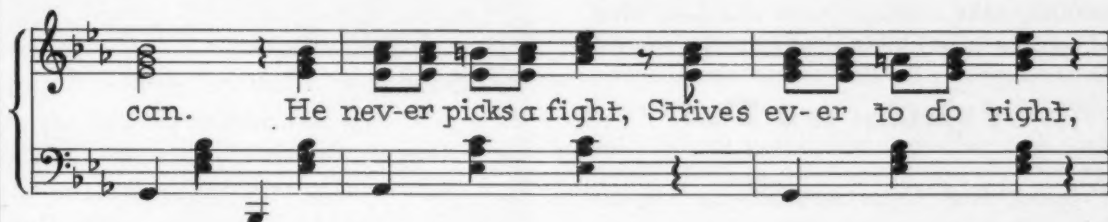
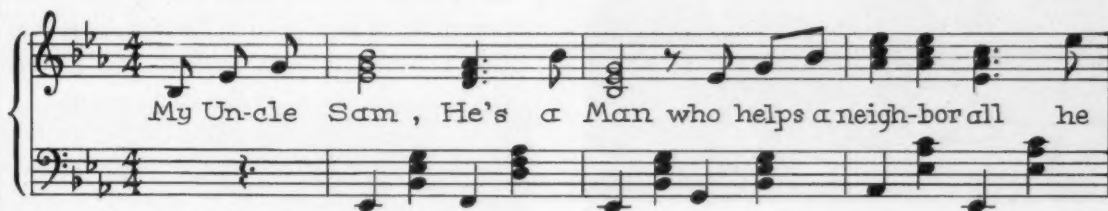
Turkeys





MY UNCLE SAM

Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger



Illustrated by JO FISHER IRWIN

JRCers Busy Here and There



OMAHA, NEBR.—George Potter and Babs Givot, of Harrison School, bring planters for the veterans.

A Garden in a Dish

Junior Red Cross members in Omaha, Nebr., help bring cheer to patients at the veterans hospital by making gardens in dishes. The things they put together to make a dish garden are all simple and easy to obtain. An inexpensive small dish that won't leak, one or more plants, and some good dirt—these are all it takes to create a dish garden.

JRCers with a touch of green on their thumbs will see almost limitless possibilities right away in making dish gardens to cheer hospital wards. Indoor or (when spring comes) outdoor plants can be used. Plants with differently colored leaves can make a pleasant garden. And there will be some careful planners who will think ahead to a final result in different colors of flowers.

And what about the patients who receive dish gardens? They love them because a dish garden is more than a thing given to them. It is something for them to take care of, and will go on reminding them for months, even years, of JRCers' thoughtfulness.

Village Makers

Boys and girls of the third and fourth grades at the Ridgedale School, Knoxville, Tenn., built a model Swiss village during their classroom study of Switzerland. The village is complete as you see, even to the snow-covered Alps rearing upward in the background.

The Ridgedale Junior Red Cross members presented their village to the JRC chapter-wide council for display in the JRC workroom at the Knox County Chapter. There it stands as a monument to the International Red Cross, which was born in Switzerland almost 100 years ago, and its Swiss founder, Henri Dunant. Dunant's last years were spent in a Swiss village very much like the one shown in the model. The village where Dunant stayed as an old man was named Heiden.



KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Ridgedale School third and fourth graders made this model Swiss village.

Music for the Lonely

No one can cheer the aged quite as well as the young can. That's why people in homes for the elderly are always so happy when Junior Red Cross members visit them.

Good music well played is one of the most appreciated gifts that Junior Red Cross members can bring to a home for the elderly. Members in New Orleans, La., make music regularly for community oldsters, and have a wonderful time themselves while doing it, as the picture shows.



How To Get Everyone into the Act

The best way to get everyone into the act is to do something in which everyone can have an important part. And this is just what the Junior Red Cross Council at the McGaha School in Wichita Falls, Texas, did.

The McGaha Council presented a Red Cross pageant at a school assembly. The pageant was in four parts. First came a recreation of the Battle of Solferino and Henri Dumanant's work for the wounded after the battle. The second scene told the story of the creation of the International Red Cross. Next, the audience saw how the Red Cross works in hospitals. In the final scene, members of the Junior Red Cross Council explained all about volunteer service and the many ways in which boys and girls can help others.

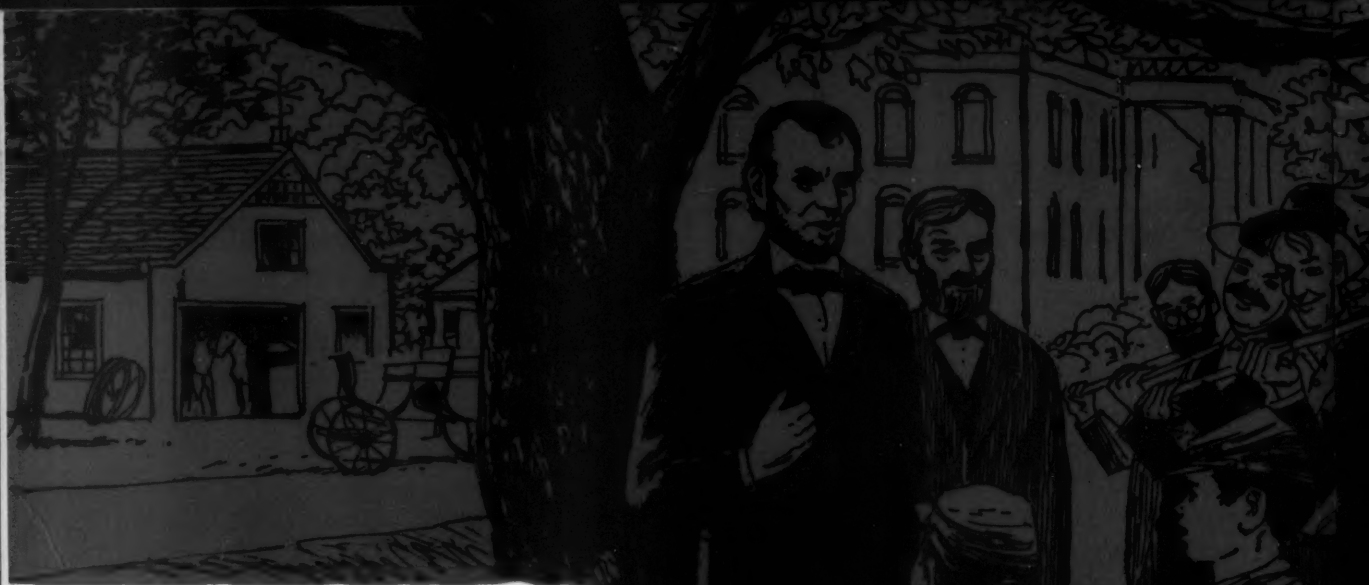
By the best count that we can make from a newspaper clipping picture, over 60 McGaha School Junior Red Cross members took part in the pageant.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—JRCers of McDonogh #24 present musical entertainment at Old Folks Home.

"EFHARISTO SE OLOUS SAS APO OLOUS MASI"
("Thanks to all of you from all of us!")



Boys and girls of the Sidirokastron Elementary School, Macedonia, Greece, hold gift boxes high in salute to Junior Red Cross friends in United States.



"Where did you get those uniforms, boys?" the President asked his sons.

WHITE HOUSE ADVENTURE

By Helen Reeder Cross

This story is built around a prank played by young Tad Lincoln and Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton in 1861 shortly after the Civil War began. The prank really happened; our author suggests what might have gone on in the White House as it was played.

Willie and Tad Lincoln slid into their chairs at the breakfast table.

"Good morning, boys," their mother smiled brightly as she leaned over to kiss her sons. Pa looked up from his paper and grinned. Then the deep frown of worry that seldom left Abraham Lincoln's face these days settled again. He had completely forgotten his hominy grits and ham.

"I wish you would eat your breakfast, Father," Mrs. Lincoln said. "Your country needs you to be strong."

"It needs strong *young* men more," the President said. But he picked up his fork. "This fighting hangs on too long. With more soldiers willing to serve their country, we might put an early stop to the war."

Tad looked up from his mush.

"We could fight for our country, Pa. Willie and me could," he said. "We'd like to."

The President smiled faintly. But he shook his head in the maddening way grown-ups have when they only half listen.

"We could be drummer boys," Tad continued eagerly.

The President rose from the table. He put a gentle hand on each boy's tow head.

"Making soldiers isn't my department," he said lightly. "That's Mr. Stanton's job. You'd



Illustrated by
Fred Collins

have to see him, because he's the Secretary of War. Now why don't you two lads run out to the stables and see your ponies?"

The boys raced pell-mell from the table. At the door they ran smack into Oliver. The dignified butler held a silver tray. Luckily, only three muffins fell from it to the floor. Tad and Willie picked them up and apologized, then were glad to escape. Pa understood boys. Oliver made no bones about showing that he considered boys "a mighty nuisance."

"Gee! Do you s'pose Pa really meant that about our seeing Mr. Stanton if we wanted to be soldiers?" Willie asked.

"It's hard to tell when grown-ups mean something and when they're fooling," Tad said wisely. "But he did say it, so let's go."

The boys ran down the carriage drive, out the gate, and across Pennsylvania Avenue. They stopped at the offices of the War Department.

"We want to see Mr. Stanton," Tad said to the doorman. "We're the Lincoln boys." Long ago the brothers had discovered that those words worked like magic in Washington. In a twinkling they were in a large office. Behind a desk sat a man with a red face and kind blue eyes.

"What can I do for you lads?" Mr. Stanton asked.

Tad told him their wish to join the Army of the United States.

"So your father said that making soldiers was my department, did he?" Mr. Stanton chuckled. "Well, just for that I'll surprise him. Because he's right. A few more fine young men and this war would soon end."

He pulled a bell cord. A sergeant appeared. In less than five minutes Mr. Stanton had asked first Willie, then Tad, "Do you love your country?" and "Are you willing to serve it well?" Taking a sword that hung over the mantel, he tapped each boy on the shoulder with the flat blade. He said solemnly, "I now commission you Lieutenants in the Army of the United States of America."

"Gee! Thank you, sir," Tad managed to say. The boys were ushered out of Mr. Stanton's office and down a hall. There an astonished quartermaster fitted them in the blue uniform of the Union soldier. Uniforms intended for drummer boys fitted Willie and Tad perfectly. How proud they were. Somehow the uniforms made them feel dignified and tall.

"Golly! What do we do now?" Willie asked. The boys started back toward the White House. Their walk had turned into a brisk military march. "New lieutenants don't play war games, tease the servants, or ride silly ponies."

"We could watch for spies from our 'ship'

White House Adventure

continued

on the roof," Tad suggested. "Pa says Washington is full of spies." The boys had spent many hours pretending that the flat White House roof was a steamboat.

Willie was doubtful.

"That was a good enough game before we were soldiers. We ought to think of something better now."

They rounded the gateposts of the White House. Two gardeners were trimming the shrubbery. The men jumped to their feet and bowed to the young lieutenants. Willie and Tad saluted the men. Oliver met them at the door. His eyes, too, almost popped out of his head. Tad giggled.

"I guess we do look different," he whispered. Then, suddenly, he had an idea. "I know what we can do to help Pa finish off the war," he told his brother excitedly.

"What?" Willie asked.

"Pa said the Union needs more strong young men," Tad replied. "Look at all the servants around the house. Did you ever count them? There are four gardeners. And three coachmen and two footmen."

"And four grooms," Willie said, catching the idea. "Besides the head cook and three kitchen boys."

"If we sent the cook to fight, then Ma could stir up something again in her own kitchen. I bet she'd like that. These old White House cooks can't make Blackberry Flummery half as good as hers," Tad's mouth watered just thinking of it.

"We can't order them off to war, even if we are lieutenants," Willie hesitated.

"I know that, silly!" Tad replied. "But we can train 'em. Drill 'em every day until they know how to march and salute and present arms."

"Arms?" Willie's voice squeaked. "How can we train the servants to handle real guns?"

"We'll begin with sticks, like broomsticks and rake handles," Tad replied. "Then Mr. Stanton can finish the job with real guns."

"Will we ask Oliver?" Willie asked uncertainly. Somehow the idea of Oliver parading with a broomstick gun seemed frightening.

"No, we won't let Oliver in on our plan," Tad said firmly. "He'd never believe we were real Union soldiers. He'd think we were just playing some silly game. This is serious. But we'll call the others."

It was all surprisingly easy. Even Tad was a little astonished at the magic of their uniforms. The two boys stood side by side in the East Room and rang a bell.

By two's and three's the servants came. All looked uncertainly at the two boy lieutenants. Were these the same Tad and Willie they knew? The President's boys who were forever thinking up mischief? They looked serious and older in those uniforms. Tad explained his plan.

"Gentlemen," he said, "now that me and Willie are lieutenants, we want to help our Pa win this war in a hurry. So there won't be any more fighting. So our country won't be divided any more."

"Pa says the Union Army needs more men. So we've decided to train you to march and muster arms and act like real soldiers. Then you can join up, the way we did."

"What do you think of it?" Willie broke in. The servants looked at each other. Tad's heart pounded. Willie's face turned a bright pink. What if the men refused? Their uniforms were real enough. But both boys knew in their hearts that they were not yet men; just boys. Too few grown-ups paid any attention to boys—even to sons of the President. The head gardener looked at his boots, then at Tad.

"Well, sir," he said, "I've been thinkin' we ought to do more to help your Pa win this war."

"I said the same to my missus," a coachman

broke in. "It don't seem right to spend my days polishing brass on the White House coaches when the army needs us."

So the drilling began. All that summer afternoon the Lincoln boys taught the servants to obey military orders. They lined them up behind the coach house on the wide green lawn. There the men stood at attention, faced right and left. They shouldered their broomstick "muskets," presented arms, relaxed at ease.

It was hard work. The men were not used to keeping even lines, to obeying orders as a group, to marching. It was hard work for the young lieutenants, too. It was not easy, they found, for boys to be leaders of men. The summer sun was hot. In an hour the servants began to wilt. Tad's voice was hoarse. Willie's head ached from thinking so hard and fast of new skills to teach the recruits. Suddenly Willie grabbed his brother's arm.

"Look!" he hissed, pointing to the corner of the coach house. There, standing quietly, was the President of the United States with Oliver beside him. Tad's heart did a flip.

"Company halt!" he said in a squeaky voice. The men stood frozen. No one said a word. At last Mr. Lincoln spoke.

"What does this mean, boys? What sort of game is this that takes the servants from their duties? And where did you get those uniforms? It's a serious thing to wear the uniform of a Union soldier."

The boys had never seen their father so stern. Tad found his voice.

"We have the right to wear the uniforms, Father. Ask Secretary Stanton. You told us he could make us be real soldiers, and he did."

"Jiminy cricket!" Pa exclaimed. A slow smile spread across his face. "You mean you took me at my word?" Then he began to laugh—the loud, rollicking, roaring laugh that Tad and Willie hadn't heard for months. That laugh was contagious. Everyone joined in. Even Oliver's face cracked into a grin.

When the mirth died down the boys told their father more. About how they had longed to help their country end the war. The President looked at the men.

"So you think you might better serve your country as soldiers than as White House servants?" he asked them.

"Yes, sir," the chief cook said. "We've been thinking it for some time. We just needed your boys to give us courage to speak out."

"Then I must let you go," President Lincoln said. "It's true that the White House should be run more simply in wartime. As I told the boys, Mr. Stanton is the man to see."

The men crowded around to shake Mr. Lincoln's hand. Tad and Willie saluted them as they filed by. Then at last they were alone with their father. President Lincoln spoke to his sons.

"Well, lads, you have done a good day's work for your country. Who can tell? This handful of new soldiers might turn the tide of war. Bring it to a quick end, which is what I pray for. I am proud of you. But those uniforms. . . ."

"You won't make us take them off, will you, Pa?" Tad asked.

"No. But there must be no thought of leaving home and joining a real troop. I'll tell you what!" Abraham Lincoln clapped a hand on one knee. "You can be my aides-de-camp. You can carry messages—important wartime messages—between the White House and Mr. Stanton's office. That will be a service to your country. Only it is a responsibility. It means stopping your play, interrupting your meals, if necessary. Whenever I ring for you."

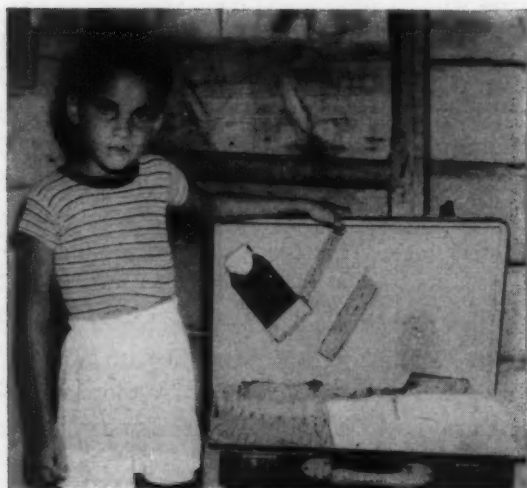
Tad and Willie looked at each other. Their eyes shone. This was more like it. No more watching for imagined spies. No more snitching cookies from under the cook's nose. White House life wouldn't be bad after all. Especially if Ma could be persuaded (now that the cook was gone) to try her hand at Blackberry Flummery again. ♦

In Puerto Rico there are more than half a million American Junior Red Cross members—565,723 to be exact. They are enrolled in over 10,000 school rooms, and take part in an amazing variety of services.

The heart of the Junior Red Cross program in Puerto Rico is help with the island's health problems. Junior Red Cross members help their schools and schoolmates by watching carefully over fellow pupils' health and reporting those who seem to need medical treatment. Part of the money they contribute is used to pay transportation for children who need to see medical specialists outside their home towns. Another part helps to pay for eye care of children. In Puerto Rico the Junior Red Cross is the only agency providing such care for school children.

Junior Red Cross in Puerto Rico last year gave health aid services to 31,606 children. Doctors, of course, gave necessary examinations and treatments. What Junior Red Cross did was to see that children got to the doctors and, in many cases, paid the costs. Just one example of the many: JRC last year supplied 2,500 children with eyeglasses.

The pictures show other activities of Puerto Rican Junior Red Cross members.



JRC provided this second grader in Patillas with special food and personal equipment for the period of hospitalization before he underwent eye surgery.

In the Caribbean Sun



Metropolitan photo



A disabled child adopted by the JRC Council at Liceo Ponceno sits in the wheel chair provided for her comfort. Council members are visiting.



Metropolitan photo

JRCers of Academia Catolica, San Juan, fill Christmas stockings for hospitalized enlisted men with items provided by children of private schools.



Metropolitan photo

Meaning of the JRC shield is explained by the chairman during an initiation ceremony of the JRC council at Labra Junior High School in Santurce.

FRIENDS WHO MADE AMERICA FAMOUS

By Barbara Nolen

Illustrations by permission
of the publishers.



from *Beaverbird*

How many famous Americans can you name? And have you ever wondered what made them famous?

Some people call Benjamin Franklin the first great American. They choose Franklin for this honor not only because he was an important scientist and diplomat, but because he can be called a "typical" American. Why is he so typical?

For one thing, Franklin was curious. He liked to know how things worked, and he liked to invent things, just as many American boys—and girls—do today. He watched tadpoles turn into frogs and experimented with kites and electricity.

Benjamin Franklin was a good businessman, too. He worked hard and set an example for many other poor boys with big ideas. He liked to start new ventures, especially those which would help others. He organized fire-fighting companies and was the first postmaster of the new colonies.

John Tottle, who wrote a book called *Benjamin Franklin, First Great American*

(Houghton. \$1.95), said that Franklin had as many lives as a cat. He was everything from printer to politician. He had friends, too, in every walk of life: kings and queens, rich men and poor men.

Although he could be very dignified and serious, Franklin liked to play jokes on people who thought they were smart. Once, he and his son William rigged up a trick which gave his guests a small electric shock. It wasn't a mean trick. He just wanted to show why he believed in lightning rods.

Indian Slave

The early American Indians often made slaves of war captives. Beaverbird, for instance, was an Indian boy who lived in the forests of Oregon before the white men came. He had the bad luck to be captured in a slave raid by the totem pole Indians from the north.

From chief's son to slave was a terrible shock for a 12-year-old boy, but Beaverbird never lost courage. A wolf cub was his first friend, and he made two others in the strange

land of totem pole and potlatch before he won his freedom.

Beaverbird by Ruth Underhill (Coward. \$3) is a lively story which takes you salmon fishing and hunting with the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. These are the same fierce Indians who massacred the first two boatloads of Russian explorers who landed on the coast of Alaska.



from *Sea Venture*

First White Men

The "Sea Venture" was a 3-masted flagship, one of nine vessels outward bound from England for the Virginia colony at Jamestown in 1609. *Sea Venture* is also the title of the book by Willoughby Patton (Longmans. \$2.95) which tells how this ship met a hurricane and was wrecked. Was it fate, or was it the curse of the old woman who cried, "You'll never get to Virginia in that ship, mark my words!"

It was pretty grim, being marooned on the Isle of Devils, now called Bermuda. *Sea Venture* brings to life those anxious days before the colonists sailed again for Jamestown. What courage it took!

Famous Animals

Sightseers peering through the White House fence have caught glimpses of many different animals on the South Lawn. In the early days, horses and cows grazed there. Later,

squirrels and bears, sheep and raccoons made it their temporary home.

In *Pets at the White House* (Dutton. \$2.95) Carl Carmer has collected many anecdotes about the animal friends who helped our presidents relax when the day's work was over. In fact, both animals and children often interfered with the day's work, but no one seemed to mind, not even such busy presidents as Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt.

Of all animals, dogs and horses are most often called man's best friends. If you had asked the generals of the 19th century, there could have been only one answer: horses!

Nowadays, generals ride in command cars or jeeps. Before the army was mechanized, a general was often known by the horse he rode. Each general had his favorite. Robert E. Lee's favorite was "Traveller." General Grant was so careful of his favorite, "Cincin-



from *Famous Horses of the Civil War*

Friends Who Made America Famous

continued

nati," that only two other men ever rode him. One was an admiral. The other was President Lincoln.

In *Famous Horses of the Civil War* (Nelson. \$2.95) by Fairfax Downey, you will understand the truth of the old saying: "Show me a man's horse and I will tell you what kind of a man he is."

Smart Enough To Be President

Every American boy or girl, and many children in other countries, have heard stories about Abraham Lincoln. It was a tremendous thing for a boy born in a log cabin to prove that he was smart enough to be president. Did you ever wonder how he managed?

In *Abe Lincoln Gets His Chance* (Rand, McNally. \$2.95), Frances Cavanah tells just how he did it. She tells how, because he could read and write, he kept his father from being cheated. She tells how he could chop wood and tell jokes faster than any other backwoodsman. When you read Miss Cavanah's book, you'll feel that you know the *real* Abe Lincoln.

Fun in the White House

Miss Cavanah has written about other real people in *They Lived in the White House* (Macrae Smith. \$3.50). It's a long book full of short stories about the children of our presidents. It's also about the nephews and nieces, the grandchildren, and all their friends. She tells how they slid down the banisters, rode ponies into elevators, played pirate in the attic, and generally frolicked through the elegant rooms.

Theodore Roosevelt, U. S. Grant, and all the other presidents will seem more like real people when you know that their children got into mischief, too. And that presidents, like other fathers and grandfathers, liked to play games and have fun.

Carl Carmer, who wrote *Pets at the White House*, likes to retell history through the lives of interesting boys and girls. In a recent book, he collected stories of boys and girls, 15 years old or younger, who had shown "wisdom and courage" when America needed help.

Some of the names you will recognize. Others are unfamiliar, like the ham radio operator, a boy of fifteen, who helped save many lives during a California flood.

Did you ever hear about the Yankee boy who visited the Emperor of Russia more than a hundred years ago? This boy had a present for the emperor, a simple souvenir from America, which cost nothing and yet which earned for him this praise: "The best ambassador of good-will that America could have sent."

Wisdom and Courage

In *Cavalcade of Young Americans* (Lothrop. \$3.95) Carl Carmer has collected 33 true stories. There are many more which might be written. Perhaps you know of some boy or girl in your own neighborhood who has acted with "wisdom and courage" and should also join the cavalcade of young Americans. ♦



from *Cavalcade of Young Americans*

Keep Your Country in Mind

By Edward A. Richards

Mrs. Lois S. Johnson, who edited the NEWS for 12 years, is now busy in retirement. Here is a short appreciation of her work in the American Red Cross by one of her friends.

American families nowadays move around more than ever. That means a lot of children move, too. New places and faces; new friends, new neighbors, new teachers. *New strangers!*

When Mrs. Lois Johnson was little Miss Lois Smith she began to find out what moving means. Her father was a minister, and ministers move around. After Lois was born in Parkersburg, W. Va., the family moved to New York City, then to El Paso, Texas, back to Parkersburg, and out to Colorado Springs. Along the way there were many different schools, of course, including two high schools and two colleges. Lois learned the bigness and greatness of America and grew up with the whole country in mind. Her experience with many new places and people when she was quite young developed her talent for being at home wherever she was.

When young Miss Smith was 22 and ready to teach school, her elementary and junior high classes were divided between Colorado and Ohio. Later on, the junior and senior high school classes were in Monterey, California, where Mrs. Johnson, widowed after several years of happy marriage, had gone to raise her two small children.

When Mrs. Johnson turned to a career in the Red Cross early in World War II from an "urge to serve my country" she was speaking of a place, big as it was, that she really felt close to. She said something else, too, that didn't show its full meaning till she began



ARC President Gruenther congratulates Mrs. Johnson on her outstanding service record in Red Cross.

her work as editor of the NEWS. After describing some of her special studies on how to give guidance and counsel to others, Mrs. Johnson wrote: "My own daughter and son have helped to guide me, too."

The NEWS is published by the American Red Cross and of course it must show many Red Cross qualities and print many Red Cross stories. At the same time no magazine can be published unless an editor plans it first, and it will show something about that person, too.

Glance back over some copies of the NEWS and what do you see? Lots of life and color, lots of facts about life written and pictured, a sense of liveliness and action. What do you read? Many key words: "fun," "adventure," "service," "exploring," "happy," "work," to pick out just a few. No preaching, but a lot of showing by illustration.

It's interesting that Mrs. Johnson's first act after retiring as editor was to make a book for children from Christmas stories first published in the NEWS (it will be published in the late fall of 1960 by Rand McNally). This is only one example of Mrs. Johnson's ability to bring to the magazine pages an amazing variety of stories and articles to serve as windows opening on the whole world for millions of young Americans to look out of. ♦

The Story of Glass

By Francine Litt Brown

Glass is truly magic. It can be made fragile enough to snap between your fingers or strong enough to support an elephant. It can keep heat or cold out and let light in. It can be molded or blown into all sorts of shapes.

Long before man came on earth, glass was being produced by nature. This occurred sometimes when lightning struck sand.

Red-hot lava pouring over the sides of volcanoes sometimes produces glass. Obsidian, a natural glass formed in this way, was used by cavemen and Indians to make arrowheads and knives.

According to Pliny, the Roman historian, the Phoenicians were the first to accidentally discover glass. They were a seafaring people, sailing and trading the world over.

One day a crew of a Phoenician vessel carrying a cargo of natron (soda ash) landed

on a sandy beach. They built a cooking fire and used lumps of the natron to support their cooking pots. The heat of the fire melted the natron and sand to form glass, and from then on the Phoenicians knew how to create glass.

The earliest examples of man-made glass were found in Egypt. These are glazed beads which scientists believe to have been made over 14,000 years ago.

The world's first glass containers were made in Egypt about 2,000 B.C. They were jars and bottles for cosmetics, perfumes and ointments. Because of the durability of glass, these objects can be seen in museums today.

This early glassmaking was very laborious and time consuming. Workmen used a metal rod and pulled fine strands from a molten mass. These were wound, strand by strand, around a sand mold. After the glass was hard the sand was scraped away.

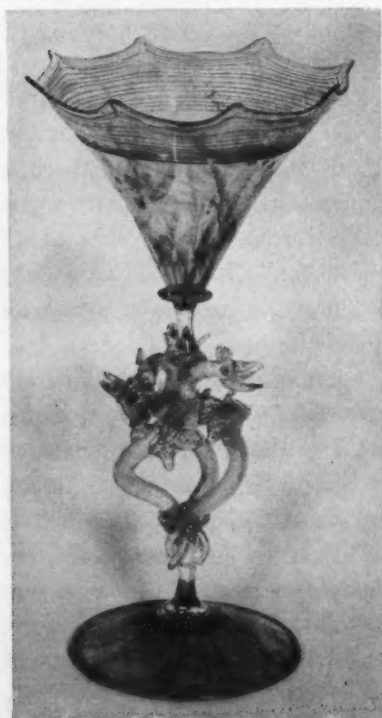
Finally, about 300 B.C., the blowpipe was invented. Now to blow glass, the hollow rod was dipped into the molten mixture. A small amount was gathered up and roughly shaped on a marble slab. Then the glass blower lifted his pipe to his lips and blew. At the same time he whirled the pipe in big circles to shape the glass. This took great skill and lung power.

Later, molds were used. Instead of shaping the objects in the air, the molten glass was blown into a mold.

From then on, glass came into greater and greater use. It was found to be waterproof, odor-proof, and reusable. It was used for shipping oils, wines, etc., around the world.

When Augustus Caesar conquered Egypt, he ordered the glass blowers to come to Rome to train the Romans in their art.

After the fall of Rome, Venice took the lead



Smithsonian Institution

A Venetian dragon stem goblet of the 16th century.

in glassmaking. By the seventeenth century almost all of Europe was making glass.

The year after Jamestown was settled in America a shipload of settlers and supplies arrived. Among these were eight glass blowers, who had set up a business by 1608. This is believed to have been the first factory in America, and glassmaking was the first American industry. Glass was also part of the first cargo exported from America.

The little factory was forced to close down about a year later when the colonists suffered hard times.

The first successful American glass industry was started by Caspar Wistar in New Jersey in 1739. He made bottles that were used in smuggling molasses from the West Indies. He also made bowls, glasses and jars. Wistar made America's first flint glass and glass in many colors. One of his perfume bottles belonged to Martha Washington.

In 1765 another glass industry was started in Pennsylvania. Baron William Henry Stiegel produced beautiful glass that is very valuable today.

During the nineteenth century the first baby bottle was patented, and Dr. Harvey Thatcher perfected the first milk bottle.

Until Dr. Thatcher's time, milk had been delivered in big cans by horse-drawn wagons. The milkman filled each housewife's pitcher or pail from the big cans. Flies swarmed around the horses and milk. Dust and germs settled in the open containers, causing much sickness. How much better were Thatcher's sanitary, tightly sealed individual milk bottles with their accurate measure!

In 1819 Americans started preserving food in glass jars.

All this time glass was made in the same old way, even though the demand for it increased tremendously. One glass blower and four assistants could make at most 18 dozen bottles a day. Today, automatic machines produce bottles at the rate of 250 a minute!

Corning Glass Works



An American glass blower at work.

Glass is made from three main ingredients. They are pure clean sand, soda ash, and limestone. Cullet, which is crushed glass, is added to make the glass more workable. Small quantities of other materials are used to make the glass stronger, or transparent, or colored.

In glassmaking today, after the ingredients are weighed, they are mixed in giant hoppers and fed into furnaces in a continuous process. Heat in the furnaces is extreme—over 2,700 degrees Fahrenheit—and the controlled temperature is checked frequently.

The molten glass is purified in a refining chamber, after which it goes through a feeder until it is cooler. Then it is fed into molds and formed into its final shape.

But it is still red hot and must be cooled slowly or it will be too brittle. Again automatically, on a conveyor belt, the glass objects move through a cooling oven. The temperature at first in this long cooling oven is 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, but when the glass emerges it has been cooled to the point at which it can be handled without gloves.

Glass, once a luxury of the rich, has become essential today to our health and comfort. ♦

For good citizenship and service to others, Diane Tsinonis was chosen last year as Miss Clara Barton by Chicago's Clara Barton Elementary School.

Diane's name was engraved on a plaque given the school by the Chicago Junior Red Cross. On the plaque are spaces for eleven more Miss Clara Bartons to be chosen in future years.

The school was founded in 1928 in honor of Clara Barton, who is known to all American boys and girls as the "Angel of Mercy" of the Civil War and as the founder and first president of the American Red Cross. The school holds an assembly every year to honor Miss Barton's services for those in need, and the Clara Barton award begun there last year is intended to remind today's boys and girls that her work and her principles are just as important today as they were when she lived.

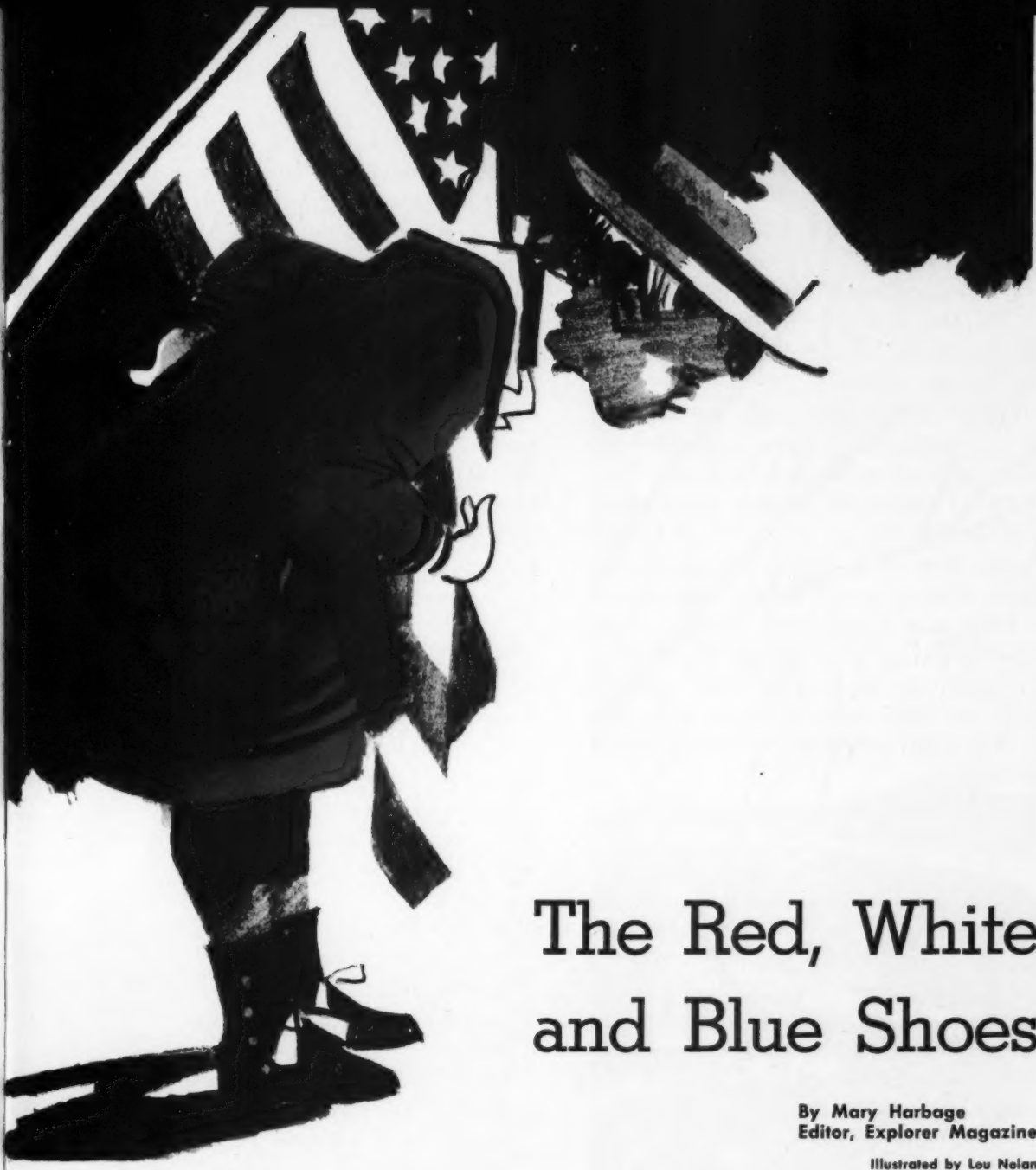
Between awards, the plaque will hang in the school's main hallway where everyone can see it.

Miss Clara Barton

in Chicago, Illinois



Diane Tsinonis, eighth grader at Clara Barton School, Chicago, Ill., received the first Clara Barton Award. On plaque are places for 11 other names.



The Red, White and Blue Shoes

By Mary Harbage
Editor, Explorer Magazine

Illustrated by Lou Nolan

When Miss Harbage first sent us this story, she wrote, "As you can probably tell, this is a true story." It happened in Ohio, in February.

Ker slap-step, ker slap-step.

Mother looked up from the kitchen stove. Why was Mary making so much noise coming down the stairs?

"What's the matter with Mary?" asked Nunnah, the older sister. Nunnah was bustling around the big farm kitchen helping mother with breakfast.

There was silence from the stairway, and then a new kind of sound. *Step . . . Step . . .*

Mary stood in the kitchen door. On one foot she had a five-button shoe. The other

The Red, White and Blue Shoes

continued

shoe was in her hand, its sole flapping loosely from toe to heel.

"It came undone," said Mary.

"I've never known a child," Mother started the sentence but all three finished it together, "so hard on clothes!"

"Well," Mother continued, "you will have to wear your bedroom slippers and stay in the house until we go to town Saturday."

Mary carefully put the shoe on top of the coal bucket. Just last week she had left her Sunday shoes on the floor and Rags, the dog, had decided to have a meal of shoe leather.

There was a wail from Nunnah. "But, Mother, she *has* to go to school on Friday. I've taught her the piece, and I've told Miss Hazel she would be on the school program."

At the word "piece" Mary stood up straight and said:

I love the name of Washington.

I love my country, too.

I love the flag, my country's flag,

The red, the white, the blue.

Nunnah's eyes filled with tears. She had looked so long for a four-line poem for a little girl. She had worked so hard teaching it to her sister. Mary stood up after making her stiff bow, just beginning to understand that "no shoes" meant "no school." She started to sob. Then Rags began to howl.

In the midst of all this wailing, Father came in from feeding the stock. He was ready for a good breakfast with a happy family.

"What's the matter here?" he said.

It took a bit of putting together, but words like "No shoes"—"my piece"—"stay home"—"go to town"—gave him some idea.

His "Keep still and eat your breakfast" brought silence, for Father meant what he said. But both girls' bowls of oatmeal were salted with tears as well as sweetened with brown sugar. Nunnah shook her head, "No,"

when the mush was passed. Mary sat stirring her cereal around and around. Rags crawled under the stove and growled softly at Father, while keeping a careful eye on Mother.

Finally, Father put down his coffee cup and said, "All right, my work can wait. I'll take Mary to get her new shoes. Now let's have some peace."

Peace? Piece? Mary had to get up from the table to race through the four-line poem again. Nunnah told her sister once more how Miss Hazel expected her to behave, and Rags joined in the fun by running around the table with Mary's old shoe in his mouth. Poor Father could hardly tell mother about Bessie and Minnie, the new mules.

When breakfast was over, Nunnah hurried off to school. Father went back to the barn. And Mother and Mary set themselves to make a rhyme while doing the dishes. If Mary wiped each spoon, each knife, and fork very carefully, then dried the pans, first on the inside, then on the outside, she could make this part of the day last a long time.

Mary started: *I'm going to get new shoes,*

Mother: *Mary is going to town.*

Mary: *Going to buy new shoes.*

Mother: *Will they be black or brown?*

Mary: *They will be black shoes,*

Mother: *To go with your velvet cap.*

Mary: *They will be black shoes—*

Mother: *You may go, right after your nap.*

Mary: *And I will wear my new shoes;*

Mother: *You will wear them to school.*

Mary: *I'll show them to the boys and girls.*

Mary waved a spoon as she skipped around the kitchen. This time she could finish the rhyme without Mother's help.

Mary finished: *As sober as Bessie our mule!*

Since Mother thought the rhyme couldn't be better, they said it once more "to fix it in their minds" and finished the dishes.

Lunch time, nap time, and at last going-to-town time. Mary was ready and waiting. She wiggled with delight as Mother tied the red

bows of her bonnet. She held her breath while the muff was brought down from the closet shelf.

Father lifted her up to his shoulders for the trip to Emmaline, the cranky car, and they were off—with the faint echo of Mother's voice in their ears saying, "Now, remember, good, strong, five-button shoes. Have a good time."

Past the little red schoolhouse where Nun-nah was studying, down the hill and over the creek. The ten miles to London had never seemed so exciting.

Mr. Rowland, the shoe store man, was surprised to see Mary. She didn't usually get new shoes until May. But he reached up to the shelf and took down a box. There they were—good, stout, five-button, black shoes. Father and Mr. Rowland both nodded their heads as the shoes slid comfortably on to Mary's feet and Father asked the price. Now Father hated to pay the asking price for anything; after all, he was a horse trader as well as a farmer. But one could hardly bargain about a dollar and a half for a pair of shoes.

No one paid any attention to Mary. No one asked her if she liked the shoes. No one asked her if she could wiggle her toes. No one invited her to walk in them. No one said anything to her at all!

"Do you have any other shoes?" Mary's voice stopped Father's hand in mid-air as he held out a two-dollar bill to Mr. Rowland.

"Well, now, let's see." Mr. Rowland pulled out a box with a pair of brown shoes, exactly like the black ones on Mary's feet.

Mary's head went from side to side. "No. Do you have any *other* shoes?"

Mr. Rowland's hand hesitated over a third box. "I'm not sure about these," he said. "They are a little more expensive—two dollars and a half."

Mary had never dreamed of such shoes. They were black patent leather with red



continued on page 26

patent bands at the top. There were only four buttons, and just above the top one on each shoe dangled a bright red tassel. Mary held her breath as Mr. Rowland slid them on her feet. They were just right. She shut her eyes and wished hard.

"Oh, Father—please," she started, but one look at Father, and Mary kept still. There was a bargaining gleam in his eyes.

"Did you say these were more expensive? Why?" asked Father.

Mr. Rowland murmured something about patent leather, red tops, and silk tassels.

"Don't look like they would wear very well," said Father.

"Rub them now and then with a bit of Vaseline, and they'll outwear any shoes in the store," countered Mr. Rowland.

Father looked at the shoes. "How long have you had them in stock?"

"Well, I had thought they might sell at Christmas time, but. . ."

"Not very good summer shoes," Father said.

"I could let you have them for two dollars," said Mr. Rowland.

"Still too much. Those tassels will fray. How about a dollar and seventy-five cents?" asked Father.

Mr. Rowland nodded his head, gave Mary a new button hook, and put her bedroom slippers in the shoe box. Father took the quarter in change, and they were on their way.

The ride home was too short. Back across the bridge and up the hill they flew. Father looked down when Mary said, "Could you please stop Emmaline? I think we had better put the shoes back in the box and show them to Mother together." Father agreed.

"Where are the shoes?" asked Nunnah as she and Mother opened the door to let Father in with Mary on his shoulder.

Carefully Mary handed the shoe box down and slid slowly to the floor.

"What have you two done? Look at these shoes? Tassels! Red tops! They won't wear.

Back they go to town Saturday afternoon." Mother sounded firm.

There was a look on Mary's face that matched the tone of Mother's voice. Very slowly and very loudly Mary said, "Father got a bargain. They were very cheap, and I've already worn them, out on the street. Oh, I made a dish-washing rhyme!"

"The shoes are just right for Mary's piece," Father said. "I can put a blue bow on one tassel and a white one on the other. She will have red, white, and blue shoes, for the poem."

And this is how Mary went to school one Friday afternoon, late in February, wearing a pair of red, white, and blue shoes. She went without her nap. Who needs a nap if he is going to school? And just as soon as she got there she went sound asleep, her head in Miss Hazel's lap.

She slept through the spelling bee and didn't know when third-grade Nunnah spelled down seventh-grade John. She slept through the songs, even the loud one about George Washington and the cherry tree. School was almost over when Mary began to yawn and stretch. With a little push from Nunnah, she walked to the front of the room. She managed the big step up to the teacher's desk and turned around. And there she stood. Softly, Nunnah whispered, "Piece."

Oh yes—she was to speak her piece . . .

I love the name of Washington.

(Wasn't this fun?)

I love my country too.

(Would they notice her shoes?)

I love the flag, my country's flag,

(What if they didn't see the colors?)

The red, the white, the blue.

Mary slowly held her left foot out in front of her, carefully put it down and then raised her right one. A quick bow and she ran to Nunnah. The boys and girls and Miss Hazel were clapping. "Oh, listen," said Mary. "They liked my shoes." ♦

Who Are We?

A FEW OF US,
AND ALL OF OUR FOREFATHERS,
ONCE CAME TO AMERICA

This month's cover illustrates the many different kinds of people from all over the world who have come here and now call America "home." Just for fun, we have numbered

the pioneers in the order in which they arrived on the shores of this country. We have shown one representative of each kind of people except where children or families are pictured.

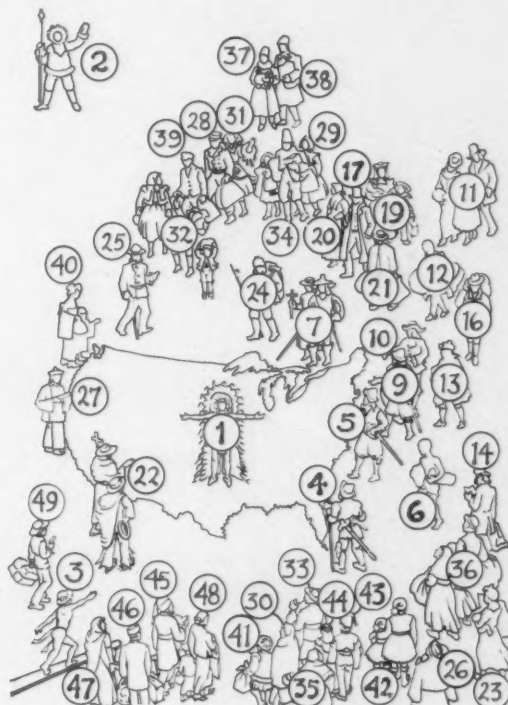
Read list of peoples who came to America. Notice the order in which they arrived. Then turn to cover and see how many of them you can name and number. Refer to key chart to help you find the answers. Have fun! Discover who we really are.

- 1 INDIANS came first, from East Asia, over 20,000 years ago.
- 2 ESKIMOS came to Alaska from North Asia about 4,000 years ago.
- 3 HAWAIIANS from Bora Bora settled Hawaii almost 1200 years ago. Their mid-Pacific islands became our 50th state.

Counting only the different kinds of peoples who actually settled in America, we omit the explorers and others who did not stay.

- 4 SPANIARDS from Spain settled St. Augustine, Fla. 1565
- 5 ENGLISHMEN founded Jamestown settlement in Virginia 1607
- 6 NEGROES were brought from West Africa to Jamestown 1619
- 7 FRENCH Protestants came with English Pilgrims 1620 (Frenchmen settled in Canada 1608)
- 8 BOHEMIANS, religious exiles, settled in Maryland (Bohemian costume like German, No. 13. See also No. 28) 1621
- 9 DUTCH traders started New Amsterdam, Manhattan Island 1626
- 10 SWEDES and some FINNS built America's first log cabins at Fort Christina (Wilmington, Del.) 1638
- 11 SCOTSMEN found a welcome in English settlements by 1650 (Cover shows later Scottish family arriving in 1850.)
- 12 JEWS from Spain, Portugal, Brazil, West Indies, Holland, and England came to New Amsterdam (later New York) 1655
- 13 GERMANS, religious refugees, built Germantown, Pa. 1683
- 14 SWISS settled New Bern, N.C. 1710 (Cover shows Swiss gentleman arriving about 1850.)
- 15 SCOTCH-IRISH (see No. 11) joined English settlers by 1715
- 16 IRISHMEN had arrived in Philadelphia, Pa., by 1720
- 17 AUSTRIANS (Lutherans) landed in Savannah, Ga. 1734
- 18 MORAVIANS (Czechs) settled in Pennsylvania (see 13) 1741
- 19 WELSHMEN migrated to most English colonies early. More came in 1742 (On cover is Welsh nurse of 1910 and children.)
- 20 DANES were few, though some came to America around 1730
- 21 BELGIANS and a few Luxembourgers came about 1735
- 22 SPANISH-MEXICANS founded San Diego in their province of Alta California. Franciscans began the missions 1769
- 23 PUERTO RICANS and others from West Indies came in 1800
- 24 NORWEGIAN Quakers arrived at New York in the year 1825 (On cover, a woodsman of 1870 comes to Mississippi Valley.)
- 25 CANADIAN farmers began arriving in Mississippi Valley 1837
- 26 HUNGARIANS (Magyars) founded Sauk City, Wis. 1845
- 27 CHINESE landed 1848
- Some arrived at San Francisco in sailing junks during the California Gold Rush 1849

After 1840, sailing ships began to give way to new steamships which greatly shortened ocean crossings. By 1880, floods of people were coming. Most of these were from south and east Europe, while a few arrived from Asia and Asia Minor.



SLAVIC PEOPLES include different groups who came 1870 to 1880:

- 28 BOHEMIAN (see also 8) 29 RUSSIAN
30 BULGARIAN
31 CZECH (see also 18) 32 POLE 33 YUGOSLAV
34 ROMANIAN (a latinized Slavic people)
Many more new peoples migrated to America from 1880 up to 1900.

35 GYPSIES came with Slavs from their different countries.

36 ITALIANS came to stay and brought their families.

37 FINNS (Magyar kinsmen) came from Finland. (See also No. 10)

38 LITHUANIANS and 39 LATVIANS arrived from the north.

40 JAPANESE began to come to our West Coast as early as 1882.

Sizeable groups from most other countries lived here by 1910.

- 41 ARMENIAN 42 GREEK 43 TURK 44 ARAB
45 NEPALESE
46 CEYLONESE 47 EAST INDIAN 48 INDONESIA
49 FILIPINO.

Since 1910, representatives from all peoples of the world have come to make the United States of America their home.

...ABOUT MOUNT VERNON



FEW PEOPLE realize it, but we nearly lost Mount Vernon 100 years ago. After George Washington died in 1799, the 500-acre estate was passed on through family members who often found it hard to make ends meet. Finally, it was put up for sale in the 1850's.

The United States government turned down the chance to buy it for a national memorial, and so did the Commonwealth of Virginia. It seemed that the estate, with the low but spacious house now known so well to everyone, would go the way of many other historical spots—from neglect to decay, and at length disappearance.

Ann Pamela Cunningham, a resolute woman from South Carolina, decided that this could not be allowed to happen. She organized the Mount Vernon Ladies Association and appealed to all American women to help save Washington's home. The result enabled them to buy the estate, and they have maintained it ever since.

Today, over a million persons visit and enjoy Mount Vernon every year—thanks to the will and far-sightedness of a woman who knew that by keeping the places of our history, we keep a little of the lives of our great men and women, too.

